

NEW  
SERIES

DECEMBER

VOL.  
24

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM  
YEAR TO YEAR."

# All the Year Round

a  
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

PART 133

PRICE  
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1879.

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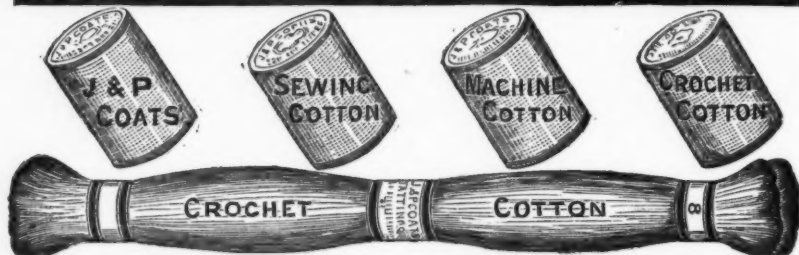
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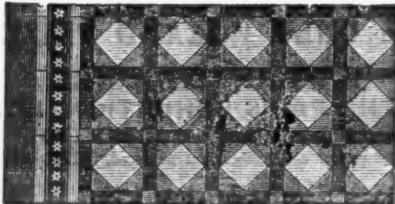
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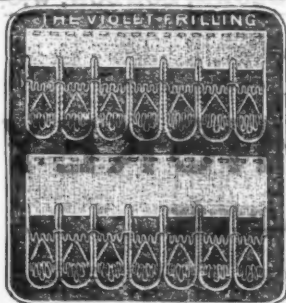
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"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

NO. 575. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE DUKE'S CHILDREN.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVII. THE DERBY.

AN attendance at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting had unfortunately not been compatible with the Silverbridge election. Major Tifto had therefore been obliged to look after the affair alone. "A very useful mare," as Tifto had been in the habit of calling a leggy, meagre-looking brute named Coalition, was on this occasion confided to the major's sole care and judgment. But Coalition failed, as coalitions always do, and Tifto had to report to his noble patron that they had not pulled off the event. It had been a match for four hundred pounds, made indeed by Lord Silverbridge, but made at the suggestion of Tifto—and now Tifto wrote in a very bad humour about it. It had been altogether his lordship's fault in submitting to carry two pounds more than Tifto had thought to be fair and equitable. The match had been lost. Would Lord Silverbridge be so good as to pay the money to Mr. Green Griffin, and debit him, Tifto, with his share of the loss?

We must acknowledge that the unpleasant tone of the major's letter was due quite as much to the ill-usage he had received in reference to that journey to Silverbridge, as to the loss of the race. Within that little body there was a high-mountaining heart, and that heart had been greatly wounded by his lordship's treatment. Tifto had felt himself to have been treated like a servant. Hardly an excuse had even been made. He had been simply told that he was not wanted. He was apt

sometimes to tell himself that he knew on which side his bread was buttered. But perhaps he hardly knew how best to keep the butter going. There was a little pride about him which was antagonistic to the best interests of such a trade as his. Perhaps it was well that he should inwardly suffer when injured. But it could not be well that he should declare to such men as Nidderdale, and Dolly Longstaff, and Popplecourt that he didn't mean to put up with that sort of thing. He certainly should not have spoken in this strain before Tregear. Of all men living he hated and feared him the most. And he knew that no other man loved Silverbridge as did Tregear. Had he been thinking of his bread-and-butter, instead of giving way to the mighty anger of his little bosom, he would have hardly declared openly at the club that he would let Lord Silverbridge know that he did not mean to stand any man's airs. But these extravagances were due perhaps to whisky-and-water, and that kind of intoxication which comes to certain men from momentary triumphs. Tifto could always be got to make a fool of himself when surrounded by three or four men of rank who, for the occasion, would talk to him as an equal. He almost declared that Coalition had lost his match because he had not been taken down to Silverbridge.

"Tifto is in a deuce of a way with you," said Dolly Longstaff to the young member.

"I know all about it," said Silverbridge, who had had an interview with his partner since the race.

"If you don't take care he'll dismiss you."

Silverbridge did not care much about this, knowing that words of wisdom did

not ordinarily fall from the mouth of Dolly Longstaff. But he was more moved when his friend Tregear spoke to him. "I wish you knew the kind of things that fellow Tifto says behind your back."

"As if I cared!"

"But you ought to care."

"Do you care what every fellow says about you?"

"I care very much what those say whom I choose to live with me. Whatever Tifto might say about me would be quite indifferent to me, because we have nothing in common. But you and he are bound together."

"We have a horse or two in common; that's all."

"But that is a great deal. The truth is he's a nasty, brawling, boasting, ill-conditioned little reptile."

Silverbridge of course did not acknowledge that this was true. But he felt it, and almost repented of his trust in Tifto. But still Prime Minister stood very well for the Derby. He was second favourite, the odds against him being only four to one. The glory of being part owner of a probable winner of the Derby was so much to him that he could not bring himself to be altogether angry with Tifto. There was no doubt that the horse's present condition was due entirely to Tifto's care. Tifto spent in these few days just before the race the greatest part of his time in the close vicinity of the horse, only running up to London now and then, as a fish comes up to the surface, for a breath of air. It was impossible that Lord Silverbridge should separate himself from the major—at any rate till after the Epsom meeting.

He had paid the money for the match without a word of reproach to his partner, but still with a feeling that things were not quite as they ought to be. In money-matters his father had been liberal, but not very definite. He had been told that he ought not to spend above two thousand pounds a year, and had been reminded that there was a house for him to use both in town and in the country. But he had been given to understand also that any application made to Mr. Morton, if not very unreasonable, would be attended with success. A solemn promise had been exacted from him that he would have no dealings with money-lenders—and then he had been set afloat. There had been a rather frequent correspondence with Mr. Morton, who had once or twice submitted

a total of the money paid on behalf of his correspondent. Lord Silverbridge, who imagined himself to be anything but extravagant, had wondered how the figures could mount up so rapidly. But the money needed was always forthcoming, and the raising of objections never seemed to be carried back beyond Mr. Morton. His promise to his father about the money-lenders had been scrupulously kept. As long as ready money can be made to be forthcoming without any charge for interest a young man must be very foolish who will prefer to borrow it at twenty-five per cent.

Now had come the night before the Derby, and it must be acknowledged that the young lord was much fluttered by the greatness of the coming struggle. Tifto, having seen his horse conveyed to Epsom, had come up to London in order that he might dine with his partner and hear what was being said about the race at the Bear-garden. The party dining there consisted of Silverbridge, Dolly Longstaff, Popplecourt, and Tifto. Nidderdale was to have joined them, but he told them on the day before, with a sigh, that domestic duties were too strong for him. Lady Nidderdale—or if not Lady Nidderdale herself, then Lady Nidderdale's mother—was so far potent over the young nobleman as to induce him to confine his Derby practices to the Derby Day. Another guest had also been expected, the reason for whose non-appearance must be explained somewhat at length. Lord Gerald Palliser, the duke's second son, was at this time at Cambridge—being almost as popular at Trinity as his brother had been at Christ Church. It was to him quite a matter of course that he should see his brother's horse run for the Derby. But, unfortunately, in this very year a stand was being made by the University pundits against a practice which they thought had become too general. For the last year or two it had been considered almost as much a matter of course that a Cambridge undergraduate should go to the Derby as that a Member of Parliament should do so. Against this three or four rigid disciplinarians had raised their voices—and, as a result, no young man up at Trinity could get leave to be away on the Derby pretext.

Lord Gerald raged against the restriction very loudly. He at first proclaimed his intention of ignoring the college authorities altogether. Of course he would be expelled. But the order itself was to

his thinking so absurd—the idea that he should not see his brother's horse run was so extravagant—that he argued that his father could not be angry with him for incurring dismissal in so excellent a cause. But his brother saw things in a different light. He knew how his father had looked at him when he had been sent away from Oxford, and he counselled moderation. Gerald should see the Derby, but should not encounter that heaviest wrath of all which comes from a man's not sleeping beneath his college roof. There was a train which left Cambridge at an early hour and would bring him into London in time to accompany his friends to the race-course—and another train, a special, which would take him down after dinner, so that he and others should reach Cambridge before the college gates were shut.

The dinner at the Beargarden was very joyous. Of course the state of the betting in regard to the Prime Minister was the subject generally popular for the night. Mr. Lupton came in, a gentleman well known in all fashionable circles—parliamentary, social, and racing, who was rather older than his company on this occasion, but still not so much so as to be found to be an incumbrance. Lord Glasslough, too, and others joined them, and a good deal was said about the horse. "I never keep these things dark," said Tifto. "Of course he's an uncertain horse."

"Most horses are," said Lupton.

"Just so, Mr. Lupton. What I mean is the Minister has got a bit of temper. But if he likes to do his best I don't think any three-year-old in England can get his nose past him."

"For half a mile he'd be nowhere with the Provence filly," said Glasslough.

"I'm speaking of a Derby distance, my lord."

"That's a kind of thing nobody really knows," said Lupton.

"I've seen him 'ave his gallops," said the little man, who in his moments of excitement would sometimes fall away from that exact pronunciation which had been one of the studies of his life, "and 'ave measured his stride. I think I know what pace means. Of course I'm not going to answer for the 'orse. He's a temper, but if things go favourably, no animal that ever showed on the Downs was more likely to do the trick. Is there any gentleman here who would like to bet me fifteen to one in hundreds against the double event—the Derby and the Leger?" The desired

odds were at once offered by Mr. Lupton and the bet was booked.

This gave rise to other betting, and before the evening was over Lord Silverbridge had taken three-and-a-half to one against his horse to such an extent that he stood to lose twelve hundred pounds. The champagne which he had drunk and the news that Qaousque, the first favourite, had so gone to pieces that now there was a question which was the first favourite, had so inflated him, that had he been left alone, he would almost have wagered even money on his horse. In the midst of his excitement, there came to him a feeling that he was allowing himself to do just that which he had intended to avoid. But then the occasion was so peculiar! How often can it happen to a man in his life that he shall own a favourite for the Derby? The affair was one in which it was almost necessary that he should risk a little money.

Tifto, when he got into his bed, was altogether happy. He had added whisky-and-water to his champagne, and feared nothing. If Prime Minister should win the Derby he would be able to pay all that he owed, and to make a start with money in his pocket. And then there would be attached to him all the infinite glory of being the owner of a winner of the Derby.

The horse was run in his name. Thoughts as to great successes crowded themselves upon his heated brain. What might not be open to him? Parliament! The Jockey Club! The mastership of one of the crack shire packs! Might it not come to pass that he should some day become the great authority in England upon races, race-horses, and hunters? If he could be the winner of a Derby and Leger he thought that Glasslough and Lupton would snub him no longer, that even Tregear would speak to him, and that his pal the duke's son would never throw him aside again.

Lord Silverbridge had bought a drag with all its appendages. There was the coach, the four bay horses, the harness, and the two regulation grooms. When making this purchase he had condescended to say a word to his father on the subject. "Everybody belongs to the four-in-hand club now," said the son.

"I never did," said the duke.

"Ah, if I could be like you!"

The duke had said that he would think about it, and then had told Mr. Morton that he was to pay the bill for this new toy. He had thought about it, and had



assured himself that driving a coach and four was at present regarded as a fitting amusement for young men of rank and wealth. He did not understand it himself. It seemed to him to be as unnatural as though a gentleman should turn blacksmith and make horse-shoes for his amusement. Driving four horses was hard work. But the same might be said of rowing. There were men, he knew, who would spend their days standing at a lathe, making little boxes for their recreation. He did not sympathise with it. But the fact was so, and this driving of coaches was regarded with favour. He had been a little touched by that word his son had spoken. "Ah, if I could be like you!" So he had given the permission; the drag, horses, harness, and grooms had come into the possession of Lord Silverbridge; and now they were put into requisition to take their triumphant owner and his party down to Epsom. Dolly Longstaff's team was sent down to meet them half-way. Gerald Palliser, who had come up from Cambridge that morning, was allowed to drive the first stage out of town to compensate him for the cruelty done to him by the University pundits. Tifto, with a cigar in his mouth, with a white hat and a blue veil, and a new light-coloured coat, was by no means the least happy of the party.

How that race was won, and how both Prime Minister and Quousque were beaten by an outsider named Fishknife, Prime Minister, however, coming in a good second, the present writer, having no aptitude in that way, cannot describe. Such, however, were the facts, and then Dolly Longstaff and Lord Silverbridge drove the coach back to London. The coming back was not so triumphant, though the young fellows bore their failure well. Dolly Longstaff had lost a "pot of money," Silverbridge would have to draw upon that inexhaustible Mr. Morton for something over two thousand pounds—in regard to which he had no doubt as to the certainty with which the money would be forthcoming, but he feared that it would give rise to special notice from his father. Even the poor younger brother had lost a couple of hundred pounds, for which he would have to make his own special application to Mr. Morton.

But Tifto felt it more than any one. The horse ought to have won. Fishknife had been favoured by such a series of accidents that the whole affair had been a miracle. Tifto had these circumstances at

his fingers' ends, and in the course of the afternoon and evening explained them accurately to all who would listen to him. He had this to say on his own behalf—that before the party had left the course their horse stood first favourite for the Leger. But Tifto was unhappy as he came back to town, and in spite of the lunch, which had been very glorious, sat moody and sometimes even silent within his gay apparel.

"It was the unfairest start I ever saw," said Tifto, almost getting up from his seat on the coach so as to address Dolly and Silverbridge on the box.

"What the — is the good of that?" said Dolly from the coach-box. "Take your licking, and don't squeal."

"That's all very well. I can take my licking as well as another man. But one has to look to the causes of these things. I never saw Peppermint ride so badly. Before he got round the Corner I wished I'd been on the horse myself."

"I don't believe it was Peppermint's fault a bit," said Silverbridge.

"Well—perhaps not. Only I did think that I was a pretty good judge of riding."

Then Tifto again settled down into silence.

But though much money had been lost, and a great deal of disappointment had to be endured by our party in reference to the Derby, the most injurious and most deplorable event in the day's history had not occurred yet. Dinner had been ordered at the Beargarden at seven—an hour earlier than would have been named had it not been that Lord Gerald must be at the Eastern Counties Railway Station at nine p.m. An hour and a half for dinner and a cigar afterwards, and half an hour to get to the railway-station would not be more than time enough.

But of all men alive Dolly Longstaff was the most unpunctual. He did not arrive till eight. The others were not there before half-past seven, and it was nearly eight before any of them sat down. At half-past eight Silverbridge began to be very anxious about his brother, and told him that he ought to start without further delay. A hansom cab was waiting at the door, but Lord Gerald still delayed. He knew, he said, that the special would not start till half-past nine. There were a lot of fellows who were dining about everywhere, and they would never get to the station by the hour fixed. It became apparent to the elder brother that Gerald



would stay altogether unless he were forced to go, and at last he did get up and pushed the young fellow out. "Drive like the very devil," he said to the cabman, explaining to him something of the circumstances. The cabman did do his best, but a cab cannot be made to travel from the Beargarden, which, as all the world knows, is close to St. James's Street, to Liverpool Street in the City in ten minutes. When Lord Gerald reached the station the train had started.

At twenty minutes to ten the young man reappeared at the club.

"Why on earth didn't you take a special for yourself," exclaimed Silverbridge.

"They wouldn't give me one." After that it was apparent to all of them that what had just happened had done more to ruffle our hero's temper than his failure and loss at the races.

"I wouldn't have had it to happen for any money you could name," said the elder brother to the younger, as he took him home to Carlton Terrace.

"If they do send me down, what's the odds?" said the younger brother, who was not quite as sober as he might have been.

"After what happened to me it will almost break the governor's heart," said the heir.

#### CHAPTER XVIII. ONE OF THE RESULTS OF THE DERBY.

On the following morning at about eleven Silverbridge and his brother were at breakfast at an hotel in Jermyn Street. They had slept in Carlton Terrace, but Lord Gerald had done so without the knowledge of the duke. Lord Silverbridge, as he was putting himself to bed, had made up his mind to tell the story to the duke at once, but when the morning came his courage failed him. The two young men therefore slunk out of the house, and as there was no breakfasting at the Beargarden, they went to this hotel. They were both rather gloomy, but the elder brother was the more sad of the two. "I'd give anything I have in the world," he said, "that you hadn't come up at all."

"Things have been so unfortunate!"

"Why the deuce wouldn't you go when I told you?"

"Who on earth would have thought that they'd have been so punctual? They never are punctual on the Great Eastern. It was an infernal shame. I think I shall go at once to Harnage and tell him all

about it." Mr. Harnage was Lord Gerald's tutor.

"But you've been in ever so many rows before."

"Well—I've been gated, and once when they'd gated me I came right upon Harnage on the bridge at King's."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"He used to be good-natured. Now he has taken ever so many crotchets into his head. It was he who began all this about none of the men going to the Derby."

"Did you ask him yourself for leave?"

"Yes. And when I told him about your owning Prime Minister he got savage, and declared that was the very reason why I shouldn't go."

"You didn't tell me that."

"I was determined I would go. I wasn't going to be made a child of."

At last it was decided that the two brothers should go down to Cambridge together. Silverbridge would be able to come back to London the same evening, so as to take his drag down to the Oaks on the Friday—a duty from which even his present misery would not deter him. They reached Cambridge at about three, and Lord Silverbridge at once called at the Master's lodge and sent in his card. The Master of Trinity is so great that he cannot be supposed to see all comers, but on this occasion Lord Silverbridge was fortunate. With much trepidation he told his story. Such being the circumstances, could anything be done to moderate the vials of wrath which must doubtless be poured out over the head of his unfortunate brother?

"Why come to me?" said the Master.

"From what you say yourself, it is evident that you know that this must rest with the College tutor."

"I thought, sir, if you would say a word."

"Do you think it would be right that I should interfere for one special man, and that a man of special rank?"

"Nobody thinks that would count for anything. But——"

"But what?" asked the Master.

"If you knew my father, sir!"

"Everybody knows your father; every Englishman, I mean. Of course I know your father—as a public man, and I know how much the country owes to him."

"Yes, it does. But it is not that I mean. If you knew how this would—would—would break his heart." Then

there came a tear into the young man's eye—and there was something almost like a tear in the eye of the old man too. "Of course it was my fault. I got him to come. He hadn't the slightest intention of staying. I think you will believe what I say about that, sir."

"I believe every word you say, my lord."

"I got into a row at Oxford. I dare say you heard. There never was anything so stupid. That was a great grief to my father—a very great grief. It is so hard upon him because he never did anything foolish himself."

"You should try to imitate him." Silverbridge shook his head. "Or at least not to grieve him."

"That is it. He has got over the affair about me. As I'm the eldest son I've got into Parliament, and he thinks perhaps that all has been forgotten. An eldest son may, I fancy, be a greater ass than his younger brother." The Master could not but smile as he thought of the selection which had been made of a legislator. "But if Gerald is sent down, I don't know how he'll get over it." And now the tears absolutely rolled down the young man's face, so that he was forced to wipe them from his eyes.

The Master was much moved. That a young man should pray for himself would be nothing to him. The discipline of the college was not in his hands, and such prayers would avail nothing with him. Nor would a brother praying simply for a brother avail much. A father asking for his son might be resisted. But the brother asking pardon for the brother on behalf of the father was almost irresistible. But this man had long been in a position in which he knew that no such prayers should ever prevail at all. In the first place it was not his business. If he did anything, it would only be by asking a favour when he knew that no favour should be granted; and a favour which he of all men should not ask, because to him of all men it could not be refused. And then the very altitude of the great statesman whom he was invited to befriend—the position of this duke who had been so powerful and might be powerful again was against any such interference. Of himself he might be sure that he would certainly have done this as readily for any Mr. Jones as for the Duke of Omnium; but were he to do it it would be said of him that it had been done because the man was Duke of Omnium.

These are positions exalted beyond the reach of benevolence, because benevolence would seem to be self-seeking. "Your father, if he were here," said he, "would know that I could not interfere."

"And will he be sent down?"

"I do not know all the circumstances. From your own showing the case seems to be one of great insubordination. To tell the truth, Lord Silverbridge, I ought not to have spoken to you on the subject at all."

"You mean that I should not have spoken to you."

"Well; I did not say so. And if you have been indiscreet I can pardon that. I wish I could have served you; but I fear that it is not in my power." Then Lord Silverbridge took his leave, and going to his brother's rooms waited there till Lord Gerald had returned from his interview with the tutor.

"It's all up," said he, chucking down his cap, striving to be at his ease. "I may pack up and go—just where I please. He says that on no account will he have anything more to do with me. I asked him what I was to do, and he said that the governor had better take my name off the books of the college. I did ask whether I couldn't go over to Maclean."

"Who is Maclean?"

"One of the other tutors. But the brute only smiled."

"He thought you meant it for chaff."

"Well, I suppose I did mean to show him that I was not going to be exterminated by him. He will write to the governor to-day. And you will have to talk to the governor."

Yes! As Lord Silverbridge went back that afternoon to London he thought very much of that talking to the governor! Never yet had he been able to say anything very pleasant to "the governor." He had himself been always in disgrace at Eton, and had been sent away from Oxford. He had introduced Tregear into the family, which of all the troubles perhaps was the worst. He had changed his politics. He had spent more money than he ought to have done, and now at this very moment must ask for a large sum. And he had brought Gerald up to see the Derby, thereby causing him to be sent away from Cambridge! And through it all there was present to him a feeling that by no words which he could use would he be able to make his father understand how deeply he felt all this.

He could not bring himself to see the duke that evening, and the next morning he was sent for before he was out of bed. He found his father at breakfast with the tutor's letter before him. "Do you know anything about this?" asked the duke very calmly.

"Gerald ran up to see the Derby, and in the evening missed the train."

"Mr. Harnage tells me that he had been expressly ordered not to go to these races."

"I suppose he was, sir."

Then there was silence between them for some minutes. "You might as well sit down and eat your breakfast," said the father. Then Lord Silverbridge did sit down and poured himself out a cup of tea. There was no servant in the room, and he dreaded to ring the bell, "Is there anything you want?" asked the duke. There was a small dish of fried bacon on the table, and some cold mutton on the side-board. Silverbridge, declaring that he had everything that was necessary, got up and helped himself to the cold mutton. Then again there was silence, during which the duke crunched his toast and made an attempt at reading the newspaper. But, soon pushing that aside, he again took up Mr. Harnage's letter. Silverbridge watched every motion of his father as he slowly made his way through the slice of cold mutton. "It seems that Gerald is to be sent away altogether."

"I fear so, sir."

"He has profited by your example at Oxford. Did you persuade him to come to these races?"

"I am afraid I did."

"Though you knew the orders which had been given?"

"I thought it was meant that he should not be away the night."

"He had asked permission to go to the Derby and had been positively refused. Did you know that?"

Silverbridge sat for some moments considering. He could not at first quite remember what he had known and what he had not known. Perhaps he entertained some faint hope that the question would be allowed to pass unanswered. He saw however from his father's eye that that was impossible. And then he did remember it all. "I suppose I did know it."

"And you were willing to imperil your brother's position in life, and my happiness, in order that he might see a horse, of which I believe you call yourself part owner, run a race?"

"I thought there would be no risk if he got back the same night. I don't suppose there is any good in my saying it, but I never was so sorry for anything in all my life. I feel as if I could go and hang myself."

"That is absurd—and unmanly," said the duke. The expression of sorrow, as it had been made, might be absurd and unmanly, but nevertheless it had touched him. He was severe because he did not know how far his severity wounded. "It is a great blow—another great blow! Races! a congregation of all the worst blackguards in the country mixed with the greatest fools."

"Lord Cantrip was there," said Lord Silverbridge; "and I saw Sir Timothy Beeswax."

"If the presence of Sir Timothy be an allurements to you, I pity you indeed. I have nothing further to say about it. You have ruined your brother." He had been driven to further anger by this reference to one man whom he respected, and to another whom he despised.

"Don't say that, sir."

"What am I to say?"

"Let him be an attaché, or something of that sort."

"Do you believe it possible that he should pass any examination? I think that my children between them will bring me to the grave. You had better go now. I suppose you will want to be—at the races again." Then the young man crept out of the room, and going to his own part of the house shut himself up alone for nearly an hour. What had he better do to give his father some comfort? Should he abandon racing altogether, sell his share of Prime Minister and Coalition, and go in hard and strong for committees, debates, and divisions? Should he get rid of his drag, and resolve to read up parliamentary literature? He was resolved upon one thing at any rate. He would not go to the Oaks that day. And then he was resolved on another thing. He would call on Lady Mab Grex and ask her advice. He felt so disconsolate and insufficient for himself that he wanted advice from some one whom he could trust.

He found Tifto, Dolly Longstaff, and one or two others at the stables from whence it was intended that the drag should start. They were waiting, and rather angry because they had been kept waiting. But the news when it came was very sad indeed. "You wouldn't mind taking the

team down and back yourself; would you, Dolly?" he said to Longstaff.

"You arn't going?" said Dolly, assuming a look of much heroic horror.

"No; I'm not going to-day."

"What's up?" asked Popplecourt.

"That's rather sudden; isn't it?" asked the major.

"Well, yes; I suppose it is sudden."

"It's throwing us over a little, isn't it?"

"Not that I see. You've got the trap and the horses."

"Yes; we've got the trap and the horses," said Dolly, "and I vote we make a start."

"As you are not going yourself, perhaps I'd better drive your horses," said Tifto.

"Dolly will take the team," said his lordship.

"Yes; decidedly. I will take the team," said Dolly. "There isn't a deal of driving wanted on the road to Epsom, but a man should know how to hold his reins." This of course gave rise to some angry words, but Silverbridge did not stop to hear them.

The poor duke had no one to whom he could go for advice and consolation. When his son left him he turned to his newspaper, and tried to read it—in vain. His mind was too ill at ease to admit of political matters. He was greatly grieved by this new misfortune as to Gerald and by Lord Silverbridge's propensity to racing.

But though these sorrows were heavy there was a sorrow heavier than these. Lady Cantrip had expressed an opinion almost in favour of Tregear—and had certainly expressed an opinion in favour of Mrs. Finn. The whole affair in regard to Mrs. Finn had been explained to her, and she had told the duke that, according to her thinking, Mrs. Finn had behaved well! When the duke, with an energy which was by no means customary with him, had asked that question on to the answer to which so much depended, "Should there have been a moment lost?" Lady Cantrip had assured him that not a moment had been lost. Mrs. Finn had at once gone to work, and had arranged that the whole affair should be told to him, the duke, in the proper way. "I think she did," said Lady Cantrip, "what I myself would have done in similar circumstances."

If Lady Cantrip was right, then must his apology to Mrs. Finn be ample and abject. Perhaps it was this feeling which at the moment was most vexatious to him.

## GERMAN SOCIALISM IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. No. 2.\*

THE ANABAPTISTS IN MÜNSTER.

WE saw how the peasant league was broken up, as cruelly as any of the old mediæval jacqueries; and we saw that, owing to its failure, feudalism regained strength, and in the south and west, where the new doctrines had made most way, people in general grew careless and lapsed back to Romanism. Why should they not? What they wanted was far less a change of creed than a redress of grievances. Those Brisgau, and Upper Rhine, and Alsace peasants were not educated to understand theological subtleties. For them the new faith meant something very practical: a poor, hard-working, honest-lived clergy, instead of a set of rich, haughty, luxurious priests, who made themselves "lords over God's heritage;" freedom from taxes and dues which bore heavily on the working man, while the gentleman got off scot-free; freedom from the wear and tear of constant war, which might be fun to the nobles, but was death to them; freedom from servitude, and (who knows?) perhaps by-and-by no more nobles at all, for clearly there were to be none in that "new world wherein dwelleth righteousness," of which the Bible told them. That they were chiefly aiming at temporal and not spiritual blessings is proved by the case of the Swiss cantons. Here those which had already gained their freedom—Schwytz, Unterwalden, &c.—did not care to change their religion; and are, indeed, Roman Catholics to this day. It was as a means towards social and political freedom that the German peasants in general went in for the Reformation; just as it was self-seeking, and the desire to be wholly independent of the emperor, which was the motive with most of the protesting princes. Of course there were enthusiasts; and the strange thing is that most of them came from the north—from those Low Countries to which we English restrict the really comprehensive name of Dutch. Our ideal Dutchman is a portly gentleman with a remarkably keen eye for business, which, however, is not inconsistent with a fondness for strong waters. We deem him taciturn, heavy, not to say dull, though now and then

\* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 23, p. 464, "German Socialism in the Sixteenth Century. No. 1. The Peasants' War."



loudly exploding when he is irresistibly tickled with the thought of some practical joke. Dutch romance we should pronounce a contradiction in terms. A Dutch poet—why, we would as soon believe in a Dutch ballet-dancer. Yet there is in this stolid Dutch nature an undercurrent of mysticism which comes very near to the highest poetry. The land and the history have helped to develop it. Dutch national life has been from first to last, since the Batavi kept the Roman legions at bay, in battle against the sea and against human foes almost as terrible, one continuous epic. Hence, when the Dutch took up with the new ideas in religion, they were much more thorough than most of their neighbours. When your sober man of business gets something into his head, whether it be tulips or theology, he is terribly practical about it. No doubt persecution had a good deal to do with the Dutch religious extravagances. Mary of Burgundy had brought to Maximilian, Charles the Fifth's grandfather, the rich heritage of the Netherlands, and Charles, missing the most glorious opportunity that ever man had of putting himself at the head of the Reformation, went in vigorously for crushing it. His aunt Margaret, regent in Holland, began, in concert with the Duke of Guelders, a grievous persecution. In 1527 the Dutch had a foretaste of what the Duke of Alva was to teach more fully a generation later. Moreover, the Dutch were left to themselves, cut off from the league of Schmalkald and from continuous conference with the German heads of the movement. Hence they took up with impossible theories, and, poetical as usual, tried to carry them out. And they proved that a Dutch fanatic is of all fanatics perhaps the wildest and most dangerous.

Our Laureate talks, in his *In Memoriam*, of "the blind hysterics of the Celt," and "the red fool-fury of the Seine;" but if he had read the account of the siege of Münster he would have seen that the sober Teuton can on occasion fall into hysterics just as blind. For the leaders of the Münster outbreak were Dutchmen, and the city was full of refugees from the Netherlands, maddened by the persecution which Charles the Fifth's deputies were carrying on.

First there were outbreaks at Erfurt and Stuttgart, and thereabouts. People took to carrying out the fifth of St. Matthew literally—nay, they forced others to act

upon it, for when they met a well-dressed man with a cloak over his arm they would ask him, "Is that cloak thine?" and when he said, "Yea," they would reply, "Nay, friend, the Lord bids thee impart unto him that hath none;" and would forthwith take from him one or other of his garments. Some of these folks took to fasting, and more than one died rather than touch food before the time which had been fixed for abstaining was passed. Some dreamed that heaven on earth was already begun, and went about naked, as Blake, our painter-poet, was minded to do. The authorities, Lutheran as well as Catholic, tried to teach them better by hanging, drawing, and quartering; sometimes, for a change, tearing out their flesh with red-hot pincers. Hunted out of Baden and Saxony, the anabaptists swarmed into Münster, which happened then to be a specially favourable place for them. Four years before, in 1527, the Münster men had declared for the new religion; and their bishop (for Münster was one of the episcopal cities) had at once left the city. To this flock without a shepherd came all sorts of wild teachers. Melchior Hoffmann of Strasburg, founder of the Melchiorites, thought that the New Jerusalem was to be built straightway, and the reign of righteousness, the millennium, or thousand years of peace, was shortly to begin. Of course, Babylon was to be destroyed, and all the priesthood annihilated, and then the army of the elect should go forth, headed by Elias and Enoch, who were to reappear, and the fire from whose mouths was to consume all the unbelievers.

Melchior made a preaching tour in Holland, and found people's minds so ready to listen that he wrote a tract in Dutch, *De Ordonnantie Gots*, and distributed it broadcast. At Emden, and all through Friesland, he had immense success. The Dutch magistrates were as lenient as they could be, for they cordially hated Charles the Fifth, and thwarted him as much as they dared. But heaven on earth could not come for hunted creatures who had to run the gauntlet of the Spanish imperial police, with nothing between them and death but the contemptuous tolerance of the high-bailiff (*schout*). They longed for safety and quiet; and Münster seemed to offer both. Amsterdam certainly did not; for there were the heads of poor John Volkerts and nine others stuck on poles round the *Stadthaus*. So all who could do



so escaped to Münster; and Rothmann, an enthusiastic preacher who had broken with Luther because Luther would not go in for political reforms, welcomed all who came. All the pulpits were filled with anabaptists; the people would listen to none else. And with the preachers came prophets, foremost amongst them John Mathys, a baker of Haarlem, and his lieutenant, John Bockelson, a working tailor of Leyden, son of a shoemaker at the Hague. "I am Enoch," said Mathys, "and I come to testify that Christ is at hand." And hundreds of stolid Dutchmen believed him, and went forth as preachers, threatening hell-fire to all who would not listen to them. Mathys had foretold some things which really came true; and, as everyone who groaned under the present tyranny was glad to hear that the end of the world was at hand, his disciples made great way in Holland. They were even more successful at Münster. There, in one week, two forerunners of the prophet, Bockbinder and Van Cuiper, baptised fourteen hundred people; and when, soon after, John of Leyden himself came, he was received like an angel from heaven, and his wild rhodomontades were listened to as if they had been words of inspiration.

John of Leyden was thoroughly versed in Scripture; for every word in his mad harangues he could give chapter and verse, out of the Revelation or out of Isaiah, taking the burning words which were meant to cheer the Jews during the long captivity at Babylon as if they literally belonged to his own day. The new faith, as he and Mathys and their simple followers understood it, was something very different from the plain practical demands of the German peasants. Instead of "No more serfdom, fair taxation according to property, no forced military service, down with monkeries," and such like, they talked of a speedy sundering of sheep and goats, of wheat and tares; and into the fire that should burn up the latter all who refused to hear the prophet should be thrown.

The "party of order" had partly themselves to thank for the change from comparative soberness to such wild fanaticism. Oppression, says the proverb, drives wise men mad; and when a few go mad, it is wonderful how fast the disease spreads. The fearful cruelty with which the peasants had been crushed down had, no doubt, something to do with the madness of the anabaptists. But we, who have seen

Mormonism growing and carrying off converts, know that it does not need oppression to drive people into wild and monstrous ways of thinking and acting. "Most men," says Carlyle, "are fools;" anyhow, there are always a few who are ready to join any impostor, no matter how outrageous. John Courtenay, Kentish labourer, goes mad, and gives out that he is at once the Earl of Devon and the Saviour of Mankind; he gets a following, and it costs one or two useful lives to put him down. Nor is the mania confined to the poor. In the Agapemone, near Frome, rich people were "the elect;" and, while waiting for the Second Advent, were driven about in handsome barouches, each drawn by four splendid greys. The line between grand practical enthusiasm, like that of St. Paul, and fanaticism is as narrow as that between the sublime and the ridiculous. Moreover, fanaticism seems always to develop into self-seeking. The chiefs of the anabaptists were wild fanatics, thorough believers in their own delusions; but part of these delusions was that they should have the chief places in the new kingdom. Perhaps, since the world often takes us at our own valuation, they would have been less thought of had they been more modest in their claims. Their grand pretensions told specially with the women. We know how strangely successful the Mormon missionaries are with them; and so it was that for one Dutchman who made his way into Münster there came six women. Either the women found it easier to escape, or they were more easily led away. The emigration went on. Along all the roads, but chiefly from Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, might be seen wild-looking folks, foreign in dress and speech, who, travelling in pairs, staff in hand, and breaking the silence only by hymn-singing or by pouring out a rhapsody of Scripture texts, walked on towards the Westphalian city, their New Jerusalem.

Before long, as the persecution in Holland grew fiercer, the anabaptists took to reprisals. Mathys made his way into Münster, and the word was given that "the Lord would purge His threshing-floor." Once more the prophets ran about the streets crying: "Woe, woe! repent, and be converted, for the day of the Lord is at hand;" and then the preachers were ordered to preach only to the faithful—"He that is filthy let him be filthy still;" the others were to be left to the Lord, who would speedily take vengeance

on them. And what sermons these men preached! "I saw," said one, "an angel with a crown of gold on his head, holding in one hand a rod, and in the other a sword dripping with blood." "The Lord showed me," said another, "this city wasted by a dull fire that raged yet consumed not; and over it rode He on the pale horse with the sword out of His mouth, who went on conquering and to conquer." And the congregations—matrons who had laid their jewels and their furs and velvets at Mathys's feet, and had robed themselves in the pure white linen of the saints; nuns whose convents Lutheranism had broken up, and who were thrown upon the world as ignorant of its ways as babes; husbands who had left their wives, and wives their husbands, because they could not convert them to the faith, and it was written, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers;" children who had run away from home to seek the holy city, and who may be compared to those poor, young enthusiasts of the "children's crusade," who when they came near any town were always asking: "Is that Jerusalem?"

But the bishop was coming; he had got the landgrave of Hesse to join with him, and so the unbelievers looked up, and went so far as to hang straw-ropes outside their houses as a sign to the troops that they were on the right side. This enraged the anabaptists. "Out with the children of Esau," cried a band of fierce fanatics. "Out with them. They have neither part nor lot in the matter." And straightway, cold as it was, in the middle of February, young and old, men and women, were driven out to seek shelter where they could. Mathys was anointed King of Judah, and forthwith he named deacons to divide among the poorer the goods of those who had been driven out. At the same time, knowing the bishop was coming on, he sent everywhere for help—to the Netherlands, where persecution only seemed to make the fanaticism thrive; to Holstein; to Wismar, which had almost become a second Münster—urging the faithful to leave the Egypt of their affliction, and to come to the promised land, to the kingdom of God upon earth. Unluckily for them, the anabaptists were not content to travel in little groups. They hired a number of boats to cross the Zayderzee, and began loading them with arms. The regent was down on them; and three thousand were seized in the isle of Schoekland alone. It was the same at Over-

Yssel, and elsewhere; the cavalry of the Dukes of Cleves and Guelders made short work with the would-be emigrants. In May, 1533, the bishop's troops began to surround Münster; but they took care to leave large gaps, the object being to make as large a haul of fanatics as possible.

And now the city put on something of the appearance of Paris under the Commune. Those who were in Paris, as I was, will never forget the strange sad calm which was abroad everywhere, and which yet did not hinder the wildest outbreaks every now and then. The Münster folks were far more systematically destructive than the Communards, who always assert that the Tuileries and Hôtel de Ville were burnt by chance of war. They gutted the cathedral, tearing down pictures, knocking statues to pieces, and breaking up the organs, on which they looked with a horror worthy of the most rigid member of the kirk. Then they burnt the library, containing the priceless manuscripts which Radolf of Langen had collected in Italy. "We want no book but the Bible" was their cry. And then began "the new life." All were dressed alike after a pattern which Mathys said God had showed him; all ate in common, and at the public cost, women at one set of tables, men at another; no one spoke at meals, but at every table one was appointed to read the Bible while the rest ate. Mathys made everyone take part in the defence; boys with bows and arrows stood between the men who manned the walls. But the chief trust was in the Lord, the breath of whose mouth (he said) would lay low the adversaries, even as He had overthrown Sennacherib of old. And he believed what he said, for, almost alone, he rushed out on the bishop's men shouting a hymn, and was shot down with those who had accompanied him. John of Leyden at once stepped into his place, and appointed as his lieutenant Kuiperdoling, a Münster burgomaster, who had been one of Mathys's deacons and was madly enthusiastic in the cause. Property was abolished, polygamy was set up. John was declared the Messiah, and dressed in white and purple, with a gold crown on his head, a choir of youths and maidens singing before him, and a company of men in green livery following. Kuiperdoling walked by his master's side holding a drawn sword, ready to cut off the head of any gainsayer. Sometimes John took this work into his own hands. Once, when he and his favourite wife Divara were administering

the sacrament—he the bread, she the cup—at the public tables, he saw there a man who had not on the prescribed garb, “the wedding garment.” Seizing him by the hair he dragged him outside and beheaded him with his own hand, while his wives danced, and the choir sang “Glory to God in the highest.”

His influence seemed to grow with his atrocities; indeed, his followers proved themselves as mad as he was. A Friesland woman, Hille Feike, having heard the story of Judith read at dinner, thought she would play the part of the Jewish heroine. Gorgeously dressed she made her way into the bishop's camp; but, instead of being allowed to try her charms on the right-reverend prelate, she was seized, horribly tortured, and put to death glorying in her attempt.

At the end of August the investing army brought up the big culverin belonging to the landgrave of Hesse, and tried to storm the place. John let them come close under the walls, and then plied them with such a shower of shot and arrows, the women overturning on them cauldrons of live pitch and quick lime, that they were glad to beat a retreat. There were traitors, however, even among the elect. A school-master of Borken, caught as he was coming into Münster, offered, if his life were spared, to help the assailants. He persuaded the townspeople that a great company, as many as the stars of heaven for multitude, was coming to their aid from Deventer; let them go forth to welcome their deliverers. A large number marched out accordingly; but when they were well on the road their guide slipped off to the bishop, whose men captured or cut to pieces the whole of them.

What most mortified John of Leyden was the close alliance between the bishop and the landgrave. Philip, a bigamist (by Luther's special permission), ought to have had some sympathy with polygamy, and so the prophet wrote to “My dear Lips,” telling him to read his Bible, and repent of the error of his ways; but Philip would make no terms with men who had aimed at overthrowing property.

The blockade was now complete; the Duke of Cleves, the Archbishop of Cologne, the Saxon princes, and Charles the Fifth's brother, Ferdinand, king of the Romans, each brought up his contingent to help the bishop and the Elector. Food began to run short; women with their babes dropped from the walls, and tried to

climb the stockade with which the besiegers had surrounded the place. John and his lieutenants, however, still held out, though they only talked of breaking through the circle that hemmed them in. Like the Zealots at the siege of Jerusalem, they kept for themselves what food was left, and managed to crush down the discontent of those who were almost starving, declaring they would burn the city rather than surrender. At last came the inevitable traitor. On Midsummer Night, 1535 (so long the siege had lasted), a townsman, who had managed to get into communication with the besiegers, guided two hundred of them to the lowest part of the walls. They scaled them, killed the sentries, and threw their bodies into the ditch, opened the gates, and, beating their drums, rushed upon one of the bastions, which they held till the whole confederate army came pouring in. The fanatics fought well; John, dressed as King of Zion, urged them to make a last stand at St. Michael's Church. Here they threw up barricades, and held out with the fury of despair. All over the rest of the city there was a horrible carnage. John was taken as he headed a rush in the hope of breaking away, and Rothmann, the pet preacher, was killed. But the barricades were strong; and at last the bishop offered their lives to the defenders if they would lay down their arms. They did so, and were massacred in cold blood, except a few, such as Kniperdoling, who were reserved for a yet more cruel fate.

Now, in that quaint old city, as rich almost as Nuremberg in ancient houses, and as full of towers and spires as Oxford, you can see, under the cloisters of the Rathhaus, the pincers with which the flesh of those thus set apart was torn from their bodies. St. Lambert's Church has a stone Jesse-window; the only other that I know is at Dorchester, that quondam bishop's see, now a little Oxfordshire village. But look up to the tower, and in grim contrast with that window—with its saints or holy men on every branch—you will still see the iron cages in which John and Kniperdoling, and one of their fellows, were hung half alive after having been tortured, and then roasted at a slow fire. First, however, they were paraded from town to town through Westphalia, that all men might see what fools they had been to choose such poor creatures for their temporal and spiritual guides. It is said (but who can find out the truth about the

matter?) that John flinched when he saw what was in store for him, confessed his imposture, and offered, if his life were spared, to bring back all the sect to orthodoxy. Kniperdoling, on the other hand, is reported to have kept up his courage by holding to the very last a violent theological argument with two priests who tried to convert him. How many fell in the storming will never be known. The city was a desert; the women who survived were driven out to perish, for an imperial edict forbade anyone to give them shelter on pain of being himself prosecuted as an anabaptist. Even those who had been turned out by the fanatics were not re-admitted without paying so much a head towards the war expenses. The corporation lost its rights, and was henceforth nominated by the bishop. A strong castle was built to overawe the place; and overawed it must have been by bishops of whom Galen ("hostium terror," as he is called on his monument) was a type. This worthy, to hire whose troops we sent over Sir W. Temple in 1646, kept up an army of forty-two thousand foot, eighteen thousand horse, and two hundred cannoneers. He once bombarded his own city because of some trifling dispute. Cowed by such lords spiritual the Münster folks have become as bigotedly Catholic as any in Germany. They stick to curing and selling Westphalia hams, and have wholly given up the study of prophecy.

Old German socialism, then, was inextricably mixed up with religion. It was the outcome of free thought and private judgment used by minds wholly unprepared for them. We think of German socialism nowadays as wholly irreligious; but it is not so. The Christian socialism of Canon Kingsley has a large following in Germany. The Romanists are said to be coquetting with it in the hope of embarrassing the government; but the reformed clergy, with Stöcker, the court preacher, at their head, have actually joined it in great numbers. Social reform is their cry; the realisation of that "good news to the poor" which Christ proclaimed, and which "supply and demand" does not seem to bring with it. A socialist conservative seems a contradiction in terms; yet these members of the christlich sociale Arbeiter-partei call themselves such. The emperor is understood to be favourable to them; some years ago he said to a deputation of Westphalian working men: "I feel like our great Frederick, who said, 'If I'm to be

king, I'll be the true beggar's king.'" These socialist conservatives allege that trades unions are good as a weapon against the selfishness of our social system, but that they are unsatisfactory, inasmuch as they build up nothing. Having John of Leyden's case before them as a warning, these Christian conservative socialists must be very careful what they build up. The strangest thing is that the Emperor William should go along with them; we can almost as readily believe what the French are never tired of asserting, that Bismarck is at bottom the biggest socialist in Europe. One thing is certain: Germany, the land of privilege, is still the home of socialism, and the Germans carry it with them everywhere, even to America.

#### WITH THE DEAD LEAVES.

FROM THE JAPANESE.

WATCHING the dead leaves drift along  
 Urged by the keen wind's restless feet,  
 Tossed here and there in a shuddering throng  
 Through the alleys and lanes of the rain-swept  
 street,  
 Wanders my mem'ry back to the time  
 When I wooed my love with sigh and rhyme.  
 Then it was Spring, and the sun-rays shone  
 On fresh young tints from a cloudless sky;  
 And I with my sweetheart strolled alone  
 To tell her my soul's deep ecstasy,  
 I kissed her smiles, and my thoughts love-mad,  
 Ne'er dreamt that the future could be sad.  
 But Winter came, and the green leaves fell,  
 My Love's soul went to the Dreamland shore;  
 And the wind with the dead leaves sang the knell  
 Of the good true heart I should woo no more;  
 So when I hear the leaves and the rain  
 I think of my love, and live again.

#### NUMBER TWO, MELROSE SQUARE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

I AM asked to state as clearly as possible why I gave up the house in Melrose Square, Bloomsbury, as suddenly as I did, and what happened there. The landlord says that I have given it a bad name, and prevented him (owing to certain paragraphs which have lately appeared in one of the daily papers) from letting it to another tenant. That is why I have been called upon to make this statement, and I will do so accordingly as briefly and exactly as possible. If the landlord be further hurt by it, I cannot help it. Had I been allowed I would far rather have avoided ever saying or thinking anything more on the subject. To me it is still an inexpressibly painful one.

I first entered Number Two, Melrose Square, rather late in the afternoon of



November 15, 1878; that is, just about a year ago. It was a furnished house taken for me by a friend who was slightly acquainted with the landlord. She had also, on his recommendation, engaged for me a temporary servant, and it was this woman who opened the door for me as I alighted from the cab at it.

She was not a pleasant looking person; and I remember my first impression of the house was that it looked dark and cheerless, and not so inviting by any means as my friend had described it to me. She, however, had seen it on a bright morning in October, when the sun was shining and the leaves were still ruddy on the trees, while I was entering it under the treble disadvantages of twilight, soaking rain, and a sky low and dense, and sooty enough to suggest its being compounded of nothing but exhalations from the river of black mud which lined the streets and made the pavements foul and slippery on every side. No house could look pleasant under such circumstances, and I had not come to London for pleasure, but for hard practical work. I had undertaken the translation of a book which necessitated my constant vicinity to the British Museum for at least six months, and the house in Melrose Square was at once so convenient for the purpose, and so exceedingly—I had almost said ridiculously—lowrented that it seemed as though it had been left empty specially for my accommodation. It would have required something more than a little outward dreariness to damp my spirits on my first arrival.

Inside it was rather more cheerful. The entrance hall, it is true, was dark and narrow; but Mrs. Cathers, the servant, had lighted a bright fire in the dining-room, and the tea-things were already set out on the table. I began to think that the woman's face belied her character, and that I should not have to suffer from want of attention at any rate; altogether I sat down to tea in very good spirits, and afterwards wrote a letter to brother John, with whom I had been staying ever since I let the cottage after our mother's death. It had been a long visit—not too long for him, I hope; but Mrs. John was fussy in her kindness, would make a visitor of me, and fidget if I shut myself up for an hour with my writing. On the whole I had rather looked forward to being my own mistress again. This evening I did not mean to do anything, however. The journey from the north had been as long and tiring as such

journeys always are, and I hardly felt equal to getting out any occupation; while in the room where I was sitting there was certainly nothing to interest me or amuse my thoughts.

It was a medium sized apartment, with a rather dingy red Turkey carpet, furniture in the orthodox brown leather and mahogany, and a wall-paper of dull orange striped with maroon. There were one or two very bad oil-paintings, and an engraving, not at all bad, representing Judas casting down the thirty pieces of silver in the Temple; a bookcase in one corner, but locked and with no key in it; and over the chimney-piece a mirror covered with yellow gauze. I have a particular objection to gilding covered up with yellow gauze anywhere or at any time; but in this case the glass was covered as well—a precaution as senseless as it was hideous; and I made up my mind to remove the eye-sore on the morrow. For that night I was too lazy, and about nine o'clock rang for Mrs. Cathers to bring me my candle that I might go to bed. She went upstairs with me. It was rather a winding staircase, and my bedroom was on the second floor. I had to pass the drawing-room landing, and a window a little way above, just where the stairs took a curve. I remember looking through this window and trying to discover what view it had, and being disappointed because the gloomy blackness of the night without only gave me back a vision of myself reflected in the glass with Mrs. Cathers's decidedly unprepossessing features a little in my rear. For the moment, indeed, I fancied there were two Mrs. Cathers, or rather a second head a little below hers; but of course that was only a flaw in the glass, and I laughed at myself for the momentary idea that this second head had been more like an old man than my middle-aged servant woman. That is all I recollect of the first night; for after unpacking my trunks I made haste to bed, and slept so soundly that it required more than one knock at my door to arouse me in the morning.

I spent the whole of the next day at the Museum, only returning at dusk to a late dinner. It was still raining then, and the house looked as dreary as it had done on the previous evening. It did not face the square itself—which, indeed, hardly deserved the name, being only a narrow oblong enclosure where a score or so of melancholy trees shook down their last yellow leaves on a wilderness of tall grass



and rank weeds, and round which all the houses seemed to have acquired an air of damp and gloom. It opened into a little narrow street turning out of one end of the square, and cut off by iron posts and chains from being a thoroughfare to anywhere; and on that side it was divided from the next house by an archway leading down a long entry to some mews in the rear. The house on the other side, that looking into the square, was empty. So was the one immediately in front, and the big, gaunt letters, "To Let," stared me whitely in the face from the dingy windows above and below. It was not a cheerful place; but, as my friend wrote me, when I asked her to find me nice apartments near the Museum, a furnished house in a square, and with a servant included, for positively less money than you would pay for three rooms in anything like a decent street, was a thing to be grasped at, not despised; especially as I could be so much more my own mistress than in the latter place, and could ask Tom and Hester up from their barrack quarters to spend Christmas with me. So I tried to shut my eyes to the exterior look of things and went inside. Here there was one improvement at least—the yellow gauze was gone. I had stripped it off the mirror the last thing before leaving the house in the morning, as also from the glass in the drawing-room, which, though the gilding of the frame was decidedly shabby, was to my great amusement as carefully guarded as the other.

I went up to the latter apartment after dinner. Mrs. Cathers had suggested that "Of course I would not do so, as the dinin'-parlour were so much more cosy;" but I did not agree with Mrs. Cathers. That orange paper with its maroon stripes, and the grim old engraving of Judas, with the horrible expression of the traitor and the sinister, leering faces of the high priests and elders, were depressing to my spirits. The very force and realism of the picture made me feel as if the room were one in which it would be possible to plot a crime. Besides, a house in which a drawing-room is unused, except for company, is never a cosy or homelike one to me; and I knew that Hester felt still more strongly on the subject. I was determined that she should find me and my work-basket and books established there as a matter of course when she came.

Neither books nor work were much called into requisition on the present

evening, however. There was a pleasant fire burning in the grate, and two candles on the little round table by the sofa, where the last number of the Cornhill, with a new novel, lay awaiting my perusal; but a day's continuous writing and my dinner combined had made me sleepy, and after reading a few pages and finding that I was getting into a dreamy state, and mixing up the crackling of the fire with the roar of surf on a sunny beach, and my own position on the sofa with that of the Scottish heroine in a fast-flying cutter, I gave it up, blew out the candles, and composed myself for a nap till tea-time.

Do these details appear irrelevant to you? They are not so in reality. I mention them to show you that nothing of what I may afterwards relate can be accounted for (as has been falsely suggested) by my being in an excited, over-wrought state, worked up by loneliness or the writing and reading of sensational romances. I was in perfect health. I had lived alone for weeks, and sometimes months, when my dear mother was visiting her married children. I had been simply following my regular profession, which this day lay in the translating a number of dry, scientific, rigidly matter-of-fact letters, had walked home, eaten a plain dinner, and read myself comfortably to sleep with one of our healthiest and most bracing English writer's descriptions of sea-coast scenery. Bear this in mind as I wish you to do, and then listen to what follows.

I woke from my nap with a start, caused by the falling of a coal into the fender. How long I had slept I could not tell; but I had that instinctive consciousness, which I daresay most people have experienced, that it was a long time, much longer than I had intended; and this opinion was confirmed by the sight of the tea-things standing on the table, where Mrs. Cathers had evidently placed them without rousing me, and also by the fact that when I touched the teapot I found it was almost stone-cold. Vexed with myself I rose quickly to my feet and began putting the fire together; for it had got so low and dead that the room was almost dark. Indeed, I feared at first that there was not sufficient vitality in it to light a candle, and so enable me to see what time it was, and whether it was worth while beginning any occupation; but a few skilful touches with the poker soon dispelled this idea and produced a bright, wavering flame; and I stood up

again, meaning to get a spill from the mantel-piece and light it at it. As I did so my glance naturally fell on my own face in the mirror before me, and I said to myself aloud, and smiling as one sometimes will when alone: "Well, Miss Mary Liddell, you have made your head into a furze-bush! It's a mercy Mrs. John isn't here to see you, or——" My voice broke off suddenly at that word; for in the act of uttering it, and smiling to myself at my dishevelledness, as I have said, I saw that I was not alone in the room.

Standing at the farther end of it, almost opposite to the grate, and reflected in the mirror by the ruddy light, was a woman: a woman I had never seen before. That she had not been there five minutes back when I awoke I could almost have sworn; for I had looked all round the room; and dim as the light was, I could see well enough that there was no one else in it, and that the door was closed. It was closed now, and how she could have opened and shut it again without my hearing her, unless during the moment that I was poking the fire, I could not imagine. The curious thing was that she did not look at or speak to me even now; but stood perfectly still, her face turned towards the door as if in the attitude of listening, and with all the appearance of a person belonging to the house, seeing that she was not dressed for walking, but in a loose sort of morning gown of white cambric, with deep ruffles down the front and at the wrists, and wore her hair loosely plaited down her back. I noticed this at the first glance as adding to the strangeness of her presence there at all; but in the same moment the fire shot up in a brilliant flame throwing a bright light on her face, and almost nailing me to the ground as my eyes read the expression on it. In all the years I have lived, in all the years I may yet have before me, I never have seen, I trust I never may see, such an expression on any human being's face again! For it was a young face, that of a girl, almost a child; and would have been pretty but for the awful, corpse-like pallor which overshadowed the brow and cheeks, and the hopeless, unutterable depth of misery and fear, of utter despair, and ghastly, speechless, livid horror, all blended in one single effort, an intensity of listening, which seemed to absorb every nerve and power: listening to something outside the door, something which seemed from her starting eyeballs and the hopeless quiver in her lower jaw to be drawing

nearer and nearer; for her slender, feeble body seemed to shrink with each breath, and draw itself farther and farther back, as though from some loathsome, terrible animal which she could see in act to spring, or as though—— It was all visible in the sudden leaping up of that flame. The next moment it died down again, and I turned round sharply!

The woman was gone!

How I felt I cannot tell you. It has taken many words to write all this, but it did not require the space of one minute to see it. It must have taken you many seconds to read, but it did not take a dozen heart-beats to feel it in all its ghastly, inexplicable mystery. I was still breathless with the surprise of seeing her there, there in my room, which only a moment before had been empty save of myself; and she was gone—disappeared! The door had not opened. There was no sound, no cry, not even the lightest footfall. The house seemed wrapped in the most impenetrable silence. Even the noises in the street were hushed; and I was there alone in the fire-light with the unlit spill in my hand. I suppose I rang the bell violently; for I remember listening to the sound of it jingling far away in the basement regions, and then ringing again and again, and waiting, with my heart beating like an alarm-clock, and my hands quite cold and damp, for Mrs. Cathers to answer it.

She made her appearance at last. It may not have been as long as it seemed. One does not tell time accurately at such moments; but it was long enough to give me time to recover myself a little, and to feel annoyed with the woman for the marked sullenness and unwillingness in her whole manner as she entered with the conventional query: "Did you ring, ma'am?" She was carrying a large kerosene lamp, and the sudden glare of light, as well as the sound of her voice, surly as it was, restored me further.

"I should think you heard me ring several times," I answered. "Did you meet anyone on the stairs just now? I have been asleep longer than I intended, and I did not hear the door open; but——"

"Yes, ma'am, you 'ave been asleep," Mrs. Cathers interrupted me in a tone of greater injury than before. "And if I didn't answer of your bell the minnit it ringed, it was in cause of my bein' that tired of waitin' up I'd dropt into a doze myself a-sittin' in my chear. Pr'aps,

ma'am, you don't know as it's twelve o'clock?"

"Twelve o'clock!" I repeated. Had I really slept as long? "Why did you not wake me when you brought up the tea?" I added, looking at the woman in surprise.

"Why, m'm," she said peevishly, "I would have done so, in course, if you 'adn't said at dinner as you were tired; an' when I come up you were sleepin' so sound I didn't like. Dreamin', I should think you was too, by your 'air," the woman put in with a sudden furtive glance at me.

I had not been able to catch her eyes once before. She kept them rigidly fixed on the lamp she carried, never even looking about her; and, indeed, there was something now so unpleasant in her glance, that I felt almost unwilling to go on speaking to her. Still, if anyone had got into the house without my knowledge—anyone of feeble mind, or in great terror! Writing this as though I were in the witness-box, I can solemnly aver that so free was my mind from any morbid or romantic fancies that, even then, I could not think of my visitor as having any supernatural element.

"Have you let anyone into the house without my knowing?" I asked, rather sharply. "Or is the hall-door open? If you have been asleep yourself, you might not hear anyone come in at it; but I believe someone did just now—a woman. She was in this room a few minutes ago."

Mrs. Cathers looked at me again, this time with barely veiled contempt.

"You 'ave been dreamin', ma'am," she said coolly. "The 'all door! Why, it 'ave been shut an' locked ever since dusk, an' as to me lettin' anyone in, I'd not think of such a thing. There ain't no one in this 'ouse but you and me, nor there hasn't been, man or woman either. Lor, to think what queer dreams some folks 'ave! But I thought as you were give that way, when I 'eard you mumbling to yourself in your sleep."

I did not believe her, for I knew that I had not been dreaming; and there was something in the woman's whole manner which made me distrustful of her, and more especially of her almost impertinent determination to force a ready-made solution of my query on me. Why should she be so anxious to persuade me that I had been dreaming, when, as a matter of fact, she could have no idea of my grounds for speaking as I did? On second thoughts, I decided to say no more on the subject at present; but, simply observing that she

ought to have woke me sooner, told her to light me up to bed, and make haste to her own. I could not have stayed longer just then in that drawing-room by myself, and I am perfectly willing to own that until I was safely in bed, with my room door locked, I avoided looking about me as carefully as Mrs. Cathers had done. I was honestly frightened and bewildered, and my mind was in a whirl. It was a comfort to me when three, striking from a church-clock hard-by, and followed by the crowing of an over-wakeful cock, showed me that the actual night was past, and gave me confidence enough to let me sleep.

The following day, the 17th of November, was bright and sunny; and I awoke, feeling more cheerful, and able to reason with myself quite calmly as to the last night's occurrence. Looking back upon it thus, through the medium of sunlight and a refreshing sleep, I could only conclude that, however unlikely and foreign to all my previous experience, I had simply been the victim of some strange optical delusion, though how produced, and whence arising, I could not tell. Against any other idea, that, for instance, which had already presented itself to me, of some mad or imbecile girl being concealed in the house with Mrs. Cathers's connivance, I guarded by looking into every room and cupboard immediately after breakfast, and, after locking up those which I did not require for present occupation, depositing the keys in my desk.

I spent the greater part of that day like the last at the British Museum, and afterwards called on some old friends in Russell Place, and stayed to dinner with them. I had been half in hopes of carrying off one of the girls to sleep and spend a few days with me, for the strange vividness and reality of the last night's vision, and the ghastly sense of horror and mystery encompassing it, had left a sufficiently strong impression on me still to make me wishful for some other company than my own. I was not exactly afraid to be alone, but my nerves had received an unpleasant shock, and I wished to assist myself to recover from it. I was disappointed, however, both the daughters being away on a visit in the country; but their father, one of the kindest and most genial men living, insisted on seeing me home at night, and even came in and sat for half an hour or so talking to me, greatly, as I judged from her face, to the discontent of Mrs. Cathers.

Indeed, the sourness of her expression, when she saw me return accompanied by a clergyman, even attracted the old gentleman's attention, and caused him to observe laughingly to me:

"Why, Mary, my dear, one would think you were a jealous wife, with a husband partial to pretty servant girls, and had chosen the most repellent you could find accordingly. Does your Abigail always present such an unamiable appearance?"

She was to have her amiability further tried. My kind friend, to whom I had half jestingly mentioned the previous night's fright, insisted on looking over the house with me before he left, so as to "set my mind at rest," he said; and Mrs. Cathers resented the proceeding so much that she came up to me in the middle of it, and, without taking any notice of Mr. L.—'s presence, asked me, in her strongest tone of ill usage, whether I objected to her going to bed: "seeing as how it were past twelve before she got to rest last night, and just on eleven now, and having been hard at work since——"

I told her shortly that she might go to bed as soon as she pleased. When you are used to nice old family servants with gentle, respectful ways, this sort of coarse incivility grates on you, and as I bid my kind old friend good night, a few minutes later, I told him, smiling:

"Well, I think I shall take your advice in one respect before Tom and Hester come, although she is rather a jealous wife. I shall look out for a pleasanter maid."

I said this, with the hall-door in my hand—he will bear witness now, how cheerfully, and how little the thought that I should never require another maid in that house, or sleep another night there, had occurred to me. Indeed, I can safely say that such an idea had never been further from my mind. I went back to the dining-room quite cheerfully too. Originally, I had intended going to bed very early, and had even, by an impulse which I was ashamed to put into words, re-covered the mirror with its hideous yellow veil; but the evening with my cheery-hearted friends had so restored my natural spirits that I felt divided between laughter and blushes at my own folly in so doing, and finding a little pile of letters and proofs which had come for me by the last post lying on the side-table, I sat down to look over them, and speedily

got so absorbed in the task as to forget altogether how time was passing.

I was aroused from it quite suddenly by a feeling which I cannot explain, but yet which was strong enough to make me lift my head with a start, and look sharply around: a feeling that someone was in the same room with me!

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

It is clear that Shakespeare derived his *Romeo and Juliet* from the metrical romance of *Romeus and Juliet* by Arthur Broke, printed in 1562 and 1587; and from the prose story of the *True and Constant Love between Romeus and Julietta*, included in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566-7, a collection of fables from various sources, ancient and modern. In an address to the reader, Broke mentions that he had seen "the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than he could look for." It seems likely, therefore, that Shakespeare, after his usual manner, availed himself also of the production of some earlier dramatist, whose play has not come down to us. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* was first printed in 1597; a second edition, "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," appeared in 1599. Malone conjectures that the tragedy was written in 1596, and Mr. Payne Collier holds it reasonably credible that *Romeo and Juliet* was first represented in that year.

Broke professedly translated from the Italian of Bandello; but with Paynter he appears to have resorted to a French version of the theme by Pierre Boaistuau, included in the collection of *Histoires Tragiques*, usually known as *Belleforest's*. Boaistuau borrowed from Bandello, however, amplifying and altering the subject, which Bandello in his turn borrowed from Luigi da Porto of Vincenza, whom Mr. Collier accounts "the original narrator of the story of *Romeo and Juliet*." Mr. Douce, however, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, traces the tale back to the Greek romance by Xenophon of Ephesus, *The Love Adventures of Abrocomas and Anthia*; while Dunlop, in his *History of Fiction*, after questioning whether Luigi da Porto could ever have seen Xenophon's story, finds the "ultimate origin" of the play in a novel by Massuccio di Salerno, who "flourished" about 1470. Dunlop holds, moreover, that from Shakespeare's



recourse to garbled and corrupt translations he seldom improved on the incidents of the Italian novels he converted into plays, and was so "wretchedly misled," therefore, in dealing with the catastrophe of Romeo and Juliet as to omit the incident of Juliet's awakening before the death of her husband—"the only novel and affecting circumstance in the tale of Luigi da Porto, and the only one in which he has excelled Massuccio." Mr. Collier also notes that, while Broke, Paynter, and Shakespeare all conclude the story in the same manner with the stirring of Juliet from her trance after the death of Romeo, in Luigi da Porto's narrative and in Bandello's novel founded upon it she recovers her senses in time to hear him speak and to see him expire; and further, "instead of stabbing herself with his dagger, she dies, as it were, of a broken heart on the body of her lover." Of this catastrophe we shall have occasion presently to make further mention.

Shakespeare's embellishments, as Dunlop says, consist in "the beauty and justness of his sentiments, and the magic of his language." It might be added that the characters appearing in his plays are often absolute inventions of his own, as in the case of Mercutio; and when derived from other sources invariably receive at his hands increase of substance and vitality. A garrulous old nurse has been found to exist in a drama by Luigi da Grotto, one of the early dramatic poets of Italy, dealing with a subject corresponding in many respects with the story of Romeo and Juliet; and it has been conjectured that this Italian play was not unknown to Shakespeare. It is likely, however, that he lighted upon a model for his nurse without troubling an Italian dramatist in the matter; of garrulous old nurses there can scarcely have been any lack in England at any time. At the same time, he has now and then in regard to details followed Broke and Paynter with remarkable closeness. Romeo's description of the Apothecary, with his "beggary account of empty boxes," appears in Broke:

An apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,  
Whome by his heavy countenance he gessed to be  
poore,  
And in his shop he saw his boxes were but fewe, &c.

And thus in Paynter: "And amonges others beholding an apotecarie's shop of lytel furniture and less store of boxes and other thinges requisite for that science, thought that the verie povertie of the

Mayster Apothecarye would make hym wyllingly yelde to that which he pretended to demaunde," &c.

Romeo and Juliet appears to have been played soon after the Restoration. Pepys records a visit to the opera, as Davenant's theatre was then often called, on March 1, 1662, when he saw Romeo and Juliet "the first time it was ever acted." He proceeds to denounce the play and the method of its performance: "It is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do; and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less." Downes's Roscius Anglicanus, supplies some particulars of the representation. Juliet was played by Mrs. Sanderson, who afterwards became Mrs. Betterton; Harris, a versatile actor, who shone alike in tragedy and comedy, as Cardinal Wolsey or as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, appeared as Romeo; the part of Mercutio was assumed by the great Mr. Betterton. From Downes we learn that the play was presented operated upon by Mr. James Howard, who preserved the lives of Romeo and Juliet, and supplied the work with a comfortable conclusion; "It was played alternately, tragically one day and tragi-comical another, for several days together." Mr. Howard was the Earl of Berkshire's youngest son, and the brother of Dryden's wife, the Lady Elizabeth Howard. His edition of the tragedy was not printed.

In 1680 was produced at the theatre in Dorset Garden Otway's tragedy, *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*. In the dedication of the play to Lord Falkland, Otway says nothing of his obligations to Shakespeare: these are freely acknowledged, however, in the prologue delivered by Betterton. Shakespeare is described as "the happiest poet of his time" in that "a gracious prince's favour cheered his muse." The prologue proceeds:

Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfined,  
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.  
And from the crop of his luxuriant pen  
E'er since succeeding poets humbly glean.  
Though much the most unworthy of the throng,  
Our this day's poet fears he's done him wrong,  
Like greedy beggars that steal sheaves away  
You'll find he's rifled him of half a play.

Caius Marius is in truth a sort of dismantled edition of Romeo and Juliet, patched here and there with Roman cement. For the quarrel between the Montagues and the Capulets is substituted the antagonism of Caius Marius and Sylla.

Marius Junior, the son of Caius Marius, and Lavinia, the daughter of Metellus, are the lovers of the story; Sylla does duty as County Paris, and a priest of Hymen fills the place of Friar Lawrence. The character of the Nurse is retained in great part, and a character called Sulpitius, played by Underhill, the low comedian, delivers the speeches of Mercutio, more or less mutilated. The Queen Mab speech, for instance, is much reduced, and terminates with these lines:

Sometimes she tweaks a poet by the ear,  
And then dreams he  
Of panegyrics, flattering dedications,  
And mighty presents from the Lord knows who;  
But wakes as empty as he laid him down.  
She has been with Sylla too, and he dreams now  
Of nothing but a consulship.

The incidents of the fable are often transposed. Shakespeare is reported to have said that he had been forced to kill Mercutio in the third act to save himself from being killed by him. Otway, however, preserves Sulpitius (his Mercutio) to the end of the fifth act. He is brought upon the stage to die some time after the dissolution of the lovers; and he speaks the last words of the tragedy: "I am peppered I warrant for this world: a plague on all madmen hereafter. If I get a monument let this be my epitaph:

Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome slave  
That sent many honest men to the grave,  
And died like a fool, when he'd lived like a knave."

And the curtain falls.

This extraordinary perversion of *Romeo and Juliet* enjoyed considerable popularity; the dissensions of Marius and Sylla having a sort of application to the factions in Charles the Second's reign at the time of the Popish plot. Caius Marius, who is a far more important person in Otway's alteration than is old Montague in Shakespeare's tragedy, was personated by Betterton; Smith played Young Marius; and the famous Mrs. Barry appeared as Lavinia. The part of the Nurse seems to have been assumed by a man—Nokes, the popular low comedian. In the epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Barry, special allusion is made to those

Who come here wrapt in cloaks  
Only for love of Underhill and Nurse Nokes.

The humours of Mercutio and the Nurse were probably much insisted upon by the players and enjoyed by the public. Caius Marius was reproduced at the Opera House in the Haymarket in 1707, for the benefit of Wilks, who played Marius

Junior, to the Lavinia of Mrs. Bracegirdle; Betterton resuming his old part of Caius Marius; Johnson appearing as Sulpitius; and Mr. Bullock as the Nurse. In 1715, Mrs. Porter was playing Lavinia at Drury Lane to the Young Marius of Booth and the Nurse of Mr. Norris; Mr. Pinkethman figuring as the starved Apothecary. A later performance in 1717 with almost the same cast of characters—the little part of Cinna being sustained by Mr. Quin, a young actor gradually rising to professional importance—closed the career of Caius Marius as an acting play.

Had Otway ever read the narrative of Luigi da Porto, or the novel of *Bandello*? It is curious that in converting *Romeo and Juliet* into Caius Marius, he should have restored the catastrophe to its original condition. Lavinia wakes from her trance after Marius Junior has swallowed the poison, but before he has fallen dead. This situation, as the players call it, has been always held to enhance greatly the painful interest and the theatrical effectiveness of the last scene of the tragedy. There is only one fault to be found with it; it is not included in the text of Shakespeare. The acting editions of Theophilus Cibber and of Garrick were careful, however, to adopt the alteration of Otway, or his restoration of the story to the plan laid down by its first narrators. And opera, it may be noted, founding its books upon the acting editions, has been careful to allow *Romeo* to survive for a little while the awakening of *Juliet*. Bellini and Vaccai, Zingarelli and Gounod, have agreed upon this point in their musical dealings with the tragedy. The lovers on the lyric stage have always lived to sing a duet before the curtain descended upon their intertwined corpses.

Theophilus Cibber, the son of Colley, does not figure very worthily in theatrical history; but some credit is due to him for restoring *Romeo and Juliet* to the stage. It is true that he did not present the tragedy in its integrity, or wholly purge the text of Otway's adulterations. But the *Romeo and Juliet* produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1744—"not acted these hundred years," said the play-bill mendaciously—was a very preferable work to the Caius Marius of Otway. Cibber's alterations are often capricious enough. He discards all mention of *Romeo's* love for *Rosaline*, and omits the feast at *Capulet's*, while retaining *Romeo's* line:

I have been feasting with my enemy.

He borrows from Otway a speech in which Marius angrily forbids his son to think of marrying Lavinia, and allows Romeo to deliver nine lines of the soliloquy of Valentine in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, when he is banished by the Duke. In the last act the new matter introduced by Otway is preserved. The tragedy was received with great applause by a polite audience, a repetition of the performance being bespoke by several ladies of quality. Theophilus Cibber played Romeo to the Juliet of his daughter Jenny. The success of the revival stimulated the manager to reproduce *Cymbeline* from the text of Shakespeare, dispensing with the additions of Dufey. But the performances at the Haymarket were really unlicensed at this time. Various subterfuges were resorted to in evasion of the provisions of the licensing act. One of the advertisements ran: "At Cibber's Academy in the Haymarket will be a concert, after which will be exhibited (gratis) a Rehearsal in form of a play called *Romeo and Juliet*." But the jealousy of the patentees was roused; they called upon the Lord Chamberlain to interfere. The Haymarket was closed, and for some time further performances there were prohibited.

The success of Cibber's edition of *Romeo and Juliet* clearly induced Garrick's production of the tragedy at Drury Lane in 1748. Garrick, however, in his preface to the printed play, while he alludes to Otway's Caius Marius, withholds all mention of Cibber's revival at the Haymarket. Nevertheless, he adopted a great part of Cibber's alterations, introducing selections from Otway and certain new matter of his own contriving. Especially he lengthened and elaborated the dying speeches of *Romeo and Juliet*, and thereby gratified generations of players. It was remarked that in the passage:

Oh, let me hear some voice  
Besides my own in this drear vault of death,  
he had reproduced Congreve's lines in *The Mourning Bride*:

Nay, quickly speak to me and let me hear  
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

For Otway's

I'll not wed Sylla: Marius is my husband,  
he simply substituted

I'll not wed Paris: Romeo is my husband.

But his sentiment,

Fathers have flinty hearts!  
No tears will move them—Nature pleads in vain,  
And children must be wretched,

was much admired. Davies, indeed, held Garrick's interpolations to be "written with a spirit not unworthy of Shakespeare," and Murphy applauded them with curious enthusiasm: "We are transported with joy, surprise, and rapture, and by a rapid change we are suddenly overwhelmed with despair, and grief, and pity. Every word pierces to the heart, and the catastrophe as it now stands is the most affecting in the whole compass in the drama." Garrick's edition of the tragedy enjoyed nineteen representations during the season of its production. Spranger Barry played Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Cibber; Woodward played Mercutio; and the Nurse, no longer allotted to a male performer, was personated by Mrs. James.

In the season of 1750-1, Barry and Mrs. Cibber were playing *Romeo and Juliet* at Covent Garden, with hard-featured Macklin as their Mercutio; while at the rival theatre Garrick had assumed for the first time the part of Romeo to the Juliet of the beautiful but dissolute Mrs. Bellamy and the Mercutio of Woodward. The tragedy was repeated on twelve successive nights at Covent Garden and on thirteen at Drury Lane, half to the amusement, half to the annoyance of the public; for this direct opposition of the patent houses had produced a monotony of entertainment, and the playgoers prized variety. But party spirit ran high, and neither theatre was willing to give way lest an admission of inferiority should be inferred from a change of performance. The convenient indisposition of Mrs. Cibber, however, compelled the Covent Garden manager to withdraw *Romeo and Juliet* for a while from his stage; Garrick claimed the victory by presenting the tragedy once more, and was then content that the conflict should terminate; its prolongation had already prejudiced the treasury at both houses. And after this season Garrick but rarely assumed the part of Romeo. Barry had special qualifications as the representative of the lovers of the stage. He owned singular beauty of person, elegance of port and manner, and a most musical and melting voice. Garrick sought to countervail these advantages by his incessant alertness, by much clever point-making, and the vehemence of his delivery. Critics were divided; but even Garrick's friends were disposed to admit that Barry was superior in the first three acts. Crazy amateurs were wont to attend at Covent Garden to witness the love-making, hurrying

away at nine o'clock or so in time to see the deaths of the lovers at Drury Lane. "Had I been Juliet," said a lady who had witnessed both performances, "I should have expected Garrick's Romeo, so impassioned was he, to jump up to me in the balcony; but I should have jumped down to Barry's Romeo, he was so tender and sweetly seductive." The Dramatic Censor, 1770, carefully weighing the matter, decided that "the scenes in which they most evidently rose above each other are as follows: Mr. Barry in the garden scene of the second act; Mr. Garrick the friar scene in the third; Mr. Barry in the garden scene of the fourth; Mr. Garrick, in the first scene, description of the apothecary, &c.; fifth act, Mr. Barry, first part of the tomb scene, and Mr. Garrick from when the poison operates to the end." In his *Gray's Inn Journal* Arthur Murphy complains that ladies at this time had but one topic of conversation, "the respective excellencies of Garrick and Barry," and that society was practically divided into rival factions or sects—sowing discord in families, destroying friendship, embittering life, and even threatening danger to the state—the Garrickeans and Barryists. And he relates of a friend of his, strongly in the Garrick interest, paying his addresses to a young lady, most agreeable and accomplished, but a violent Barryist. "The young couple liked one another perfectly well, and there appeared no reasonable objection to the match but the difference of principles. This, however, was an obstacle not easily to be got over. The relations on both sides had several meetings, and many difficulties arose in settling this point, which was at last adjusted by a compromise. The lawyer, who was employed to draw the articles, received instructions to insert a clause, importing that all the boys born of that marriage should be bred up Garrickeans and the girls Barryists."

Of the rival Juliets, Mrs. Bellamy was described as "an object of love excelling in amorous rapture;" Mrs. Cibber as "an object of admiration calling every power of distress and despair to her aid." There can be little question that Mrs. Cibber was the finer artist of the two. Woodward's Mercutio was thought to be excellent, although a critic says oddly: "Grimace and attitude, which often diminish this gentleman's merit in other characters, are here of singular advantage." The Mercutio of Macklin was also well received, although

reasonable objection was taken to the actor's "saturnine cast of countenance, sententious utterance, hollow-toned voice, and heaviness of deportment." Lady Capulet the Dramatic Censor mentions as "a nobody," adding: "Yet we once saw Mrs. Pritchard make her respectable!" When wonder was expressed to the great German actress, Madame Schroeder, that, after triumphing in the grand character of Lady Macbeth, she should condescend to play the poor part of Lady Capulet: "Condescend?" she cried. "Is it not Shakespeare I acted?"

Mrs. Bellamy had first essayed the part of Juliet in Dublin to the Romeo of Sheridan, who was rather a skilled elocutionist than an attractive actor; he "had never much of the lover in his composition," notes Victor, "and was very unfit for Romeo." By way of fortifying the part he coolly appropriated Mercutio's Queen Mab speech. This was in the season of 1746. Sheridan altered the play for representation; he had probably seen Cibber's version at the Haymarket in 1744, and may have adopted his modifications. Garrick's edition was not published till some seasons later. A Miss Nossiter, pupil of Spranger Barry, appeared as Juliet at Covent Garden in 1753, and Romeo and Juliet underwent occasional revival on benefit occasions, or when aspirants to histrionic honours sought first appearances upon the stage. But no very noteworthy representation of the tragedy took place until 1789 at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Siddons for the first time appeared as Juliet to the Romeo of her brother John and the Mercutio of Dodd. Mrs. Siddons was now thirty-four, or twenty years older than the Juliet of Shakespeare. It was thought unfortunate that she had not undertaken the part at an earlier period of her career. She was "too dignified and thoughtful to assume the childish ardour of a first affection," wrote Boaden, praising, however, the "perfect utterance" of the actress; her "genuine playfulness" in the scenes with the Nurse; her "impassioned, terrific, and sublime" acting as the tragic interest intensified. Campbell suggests that already "time and study had stamped her countenance too strongly for Juliet." As Romeo, Kemble seems to have made little impression. He resigned the part to Barrymore when in 1796 Mrs. Jordan for her benefit attempted the character of Juliet.



After Elliston's *Romeo*, during his first season in London at the Haymarket in 1796, the tragedy seems to have rested almost uninterruptedly until revived during the season of 1814-15 at Drury Lane for the sake of Kean's *Romeo*; at Covent Garden for the first appearance of Miss O'Neill. Kean's *Juliet* was Miss L. Kelly from Edinburgh; Miss O'Neill's *Romeo* was the tall Mr. Conway, the much admired of Mrs. Piozzi. Kean's *Romeo* was not counted among his most successful impersonations. He displayed extraordinary energy, but "nothing of the lover," as Hazlitt complained. His vehement grief at his banishment and his dying convulsions were much admired; but he affected his audience "from the force of passion instead of sentiment." In the balcony scene he was cold and tame. "He stood like a statue of lead. Even Mr. Conway might feel taller on the occasion, and Mr. Coates wonder at the taste of the public." In the fine soliloquies of the last act, "where the sentiment is subdued and profound, and the passion is lost in calm, fixed despair, Mr. Kean's acting," says Hazlitt, "was comparatively ineffectual." Mr. Coates, it may be mentioned, was the crazy gentleman who, calling himself the Amateur of Fashion and the Philanthropic Amateur, appeared at this time on the Bath and London stages as *Romeo* and *Lothario*, winning loud laughter from his audience at his absurd incapacity as an actor. He was commonly known as "Romeo Coates," and was famous for his many buttons of real diamonds; his costume otherwise consisted of a spangled sky-blue cloak, red pantaloons, a white waistcoat, a very high and voluminous cravat, a wig of Charles the Second's pattern, and an opera hat. He was caricatured as "*Romeo Rantall*" by Matthews in a farce at Covent Garden in 1813.

If Kean failed as *Romeo* at Drury Lane, Miss O'Neill as *Juliet* at Covent Garden obtained most complete success. She was forthwith recognised as one of the finest actresses ever seen upon the English stage. She came to fill the place Mrs. Siddons was leaving vacant. Her career in London, however, lasted but a few seasons. Hazlitt ascribes to her "the utmost force of tragedy." She possessed much physical beauty; an oval face, classical features, an elegant form and graceful carriage. The action of her hands and arms—an art actors find it difficult to acquire—was pronounced to be just, simple, and expressive.

But, as Hazlitt wrote, "her external advantages were merely the medium through which her internal powers displayed their refulgence . . . the passive instruments which her powerful and delicate sensibility wielded with the utmost propriety, ease, and effect." Her excellence consisted in truth of nature and force of passion. "Her style of acting was smooth, round, polished, and classical, like a marble statue; self-supported and self-involved; owing its resemblance to life to the truth of imitation; not to startled movements and restless contortion, but returning continually within the softened line of beauty and nature."

While Kean was playing *Romeo* in London, Macready was assuming the same character at Bath, and with considerable success. It was as *Romeo* at Birmingham in 1810 that Macready when but seventeen years of age made his earliest professional essay; the play-bills of the night announcing "the part of *Romeo* by a Young Gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage." The play was followed by a farce, "*The Irishman in London*," written by the elder Macready, *Romeo's* father, who played in it the part of Murtoch Delany. Macready seems to have appeared frequently as *Romeo* in the provinces during the early years of his career, if he rarely assumed the part in London. He records in his *Reminiscences* that while engaged at Covent Garden in 1817 he was entrusted suddenly with the character in consequence of the illness of Charles Kemble. "The applause when the curtain fell was so enthusiastic," he writes, "that Harris immediately announced the repetition of the performance on the following Monday. But the fates were in this instance adverse; I was confined to my bed and unable to appear." During his management of Covent Garden, in 1838, he undertook the part of Friar Lawrence on the occasion of the benefit of Mr. Anderson, who, of course, played *Romeo*; Miss Faucit being the *Juliet* of the night. But Macready did not enjoy his occupation. He writes: "I find the playing a part of this sort, with no direct character to sustain, no effort to make, no power of perceiving an impression made, to be a very disagreeable and unprofitable task. Having required many of the actors to do what they conceived beneath them, perhaps it was only a just sacrifice to their opinions to concede so far." In his turn

Charles Kemble, growing fat and forty, even approaching fifty, abandoned the character of Romeo, and appeared as Mercutio. It was as Mercutio he supported his daughter Fanny when in October, 1829, as Juliet she made her first appearance upon any stage; Mrs. Charles Kemble personating Lady Capulet "on this occasion only;" the Romeo being Mr. Abbott, and the Nurse Mrs. Davenport. Miss Fanny Kemble was one of the most admired of Juliets. The success of her first season upon the stage redeemed Covent Garden from absolute bankruptcy and ruin. Charles Kean, never a very satisfactory Romeo, first essayed the character at Drury Lane in 1827.

It must be understood that all this time it was Garrick's acting edition of the tragedy that was represented. In 1840, however, at Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Madame Vestris, the tragedy was presented according to the original text for the first time for nearly two hundred years. The experiment disappointed expectation, owing to the incompetence of the Juliet of the night, Miss Jane Mordaunt, the sister of Mrs. Nisbett; the Romeo being Mr. Anderson, and the Mercutio Mr. George Vandenhoff. Miss E. Montague, afterwards Mrs. Compton, succeeded to the part of Juliet; but there were but few repetitions of the performance. There had been liberal, even splendid, provision of scenic adornments; but under the rule of Madame Vestris comedy was much more in vogue than tragedy. In 1841 Macready notes in his diary: "Considered Romeo and Juliet as a play to be restored to the original text, and saw its pathetic simplicity and legendary character so far above the Frenchy melodrama of Garrick;" and a few months later appears the entry: "Gave my whole day to the preparation of Romeo and Juliet, of which I finished three acts; it is a work of more labour than I had calculated upon." But in another season he retired altogether from the cares and duties of management. At the Haymarket Theatre, however, in 1845, the original version of the tragedy was presented upon the first appearance in

England of Miss Charlotte Cushman as Romeo and Miss Susan Cushman as Juliet. Miss Cushman's biographer relates that many difficulties and vexations behind the scenes ensued upon the determination of the sisters to substitute the authentic text for the acting edition with which the Haymarket Company were familiar. "They resented what they considered an assumption of superiority on the part of these 'American Indians,' as they called the Misses Cushman, and they made themselves disagreeable accordingly; so much so that Mr. Webster, the manager of the theatre, was obliged to put up a notice in the green-room, that any lady or gentleman that made any difficulty or objection to carrying out the wishes of the Misses Cushman was welcome to leave the theatre." In 1845 Mr. Phelps presented the tragedy textually at Sadler's Wells, playing Mercutio; while Mr. Creswick appeared as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Laura Addison. Since, Romeo and Juliet, according to Shakespeare, has been frequently performed for the sake of the Juliet now of Miss Helen Faucit and now of Mrs. Scott Siddons. It must not be supposed, however, that the Garrick edition has been wholly abandoned even now; many players—Miss Neilson among them—remain curiously faithful to it. Indeed, at the Tercentenary Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1864, Shakespeare's memory was honoured by a representation of Garrick's edition of Romeo and Juliet; the part of the heroine being performed in broken English by Mdlle. Stella Colas, a French actress.

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